

Puck

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THE PERENNIAL "PROTECTION GAME."

SLICK BILL MCKINLEY (to UNSUSPECTING TAXPAYER).—Beware of that Englishman over there, my friend. He'll rob you, if he gets a chance!

We feel the burden of these tariff taxes too palpably to be persuaded by any sophistry that they do not exist, or are paid by foreigners.—GROVER CLEVELAND, *Letter of Acceptance*.



PUCK.

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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, October 5th, 1892.—No. 813.

*The attempt of the opponents of Democracy to interfere with and control the suffrage of the States through Federal agencies * * * can not fail to be regarded by thoughtful men as proof of a bold determination to secure the ascendancy of a discredited party in reckless disregard of a free expression of the popular will.*—GROVER CLEVELAND, *Letter of Acceptance*.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

An honest adherence to the letter and spirit of civil service reform.
—GROVER CLEVELAND, *Letter of Acceptance*.

IT is a thousand pities that, with a man of President Harrison's respectability and honesty at one end of it, the Republican line-of-battle should have at the other end a man capable of standing sponsor for the shameless rascality of Chairman Hackett's circular. That private and confidential document, which asks of the person to whom it is addressed if he can keep a secret, and then wants to know if he is acquainted with any Democrats who may be "induced" to vote the Republican ticket this Fall, is about as iniquitous a contribution to our political literature as anything we know of. And the worst of it is that Mr. Hackett and his Committee probably connived at the apparently unintentional publicity which has been given to it. Unless they are doddering idiots, which we do not for an instant believe, they could not have supposed that such a circular could be issued at this stage of the campaign and kept really private and confidential until Election Day. That is nonsense. They could not have expected anything of the sort, and, as a matter of fact, they did not expect anything of the sort. They expected the letter to get out, as it has got out, and to serve its shameful purpose in that way.

It is certainly a most effectual way of advertising their willingness to buy votes. If there was any doubt about it before, there is none whatever now. Now every scoundrel throughout the country who is willing to take a bribe for his vote knows just where to apply in order to sell himself. Any member of the party who, as member of a local committee, represents the National Committee, is now presumably an agent of Mr. Hackett. At any rate, he can not reasonably be offended, no matter how honest and upright he may be personally, if a scamp comes to him with a newspaper reprint of that circular in his hand and says, "Here, I can be induced to vote the Republican ticket. Two dollars will induce me. Are you the man who can keep a secret? If so, I want to be induced." That is why we say that it is a thousand pities that the circular was issued—and this is no Job's-comforter sympathy, either. It can not do any one any good, Republican or Democrat, to have the decent men of a great political party placed in such a mean and false position, and compelled to put up with a gross insult to their self-respect. They won't be any better citizens for it, and they won't be any better inclined to fight fairly, in good American style. We are sorry that Hackett did it; we believe that Mr. Harrison is sorry, too; and we feel an abiding conviction that Hackett will be sorriest of all when he hears from the people on this subject.

The farmer is learning that the prices of his products are fixed in foreign markets, where he suffers from a competition invited and built up by a system he is asked to support.—GROVER CLEVELAND, *Letter of Acceptance*.

Bishop Potter is certainly not open to the charge of being a man lax in moral or religious views. The last time that we heard any criticism offered—and we do not think that it was generally accepted—upon his standards of human conduct, it was made by some sensitive gentlemen among our Republican friends, who said that the good Bishop was really too severe for erring human nature in his ideas of the proprieties of public life. It was a gentleman of the same political faith, and, we should like to think, of the same tolerant humanity, who, in the Senate of the United States, saddled the appropriation for the World's Fair with a clause providing that the great exhibition should be closed to the people on Sun-

day. But, even as the over-zealous courtier is often more royalist than the King, so it seems that a Congressman may be very much more of a Sabbatarian than a Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Here is what Bishop Potter has to say in this month's *Forum*, on the subject of Sunday observance: "We shall get a good Sunday in America when men learn to recognize its meaning and its uses—not when we have closed all the doors which, if open, might help to teach them that lesson. It would seem as if the door of a library were one of these doors; the door of a well-arranged and well-equipped museum another; the door of a really worthy picture gallery another." And he goes on to recommend that the World's Fair shall be opened to the people on Sunday, the propriety of a day's rest being marked by the stopping of the machinery and the suppression of all trade.

Bishop Potter's words will undoubtedly have a great effect among the many thousands of people who know and respect him as one of the most able, sincere and high-minded men in the clerical profession; and in all quarters they must be received with respectful attention and consideration. It is refreshing and pleasant to note the difference between the reception accorded to such a man, when he favors the public with the expression of his mature and well-considered opinion on any important topic, and the undignified, incoherent, confusing clamor that arises when a cleric of the sensation-seeking order tries to advertise himself with a deliverance of the "racy and spicy" variety. If anyone wants to make what might be called a practical study in Comparative Character, let him note the difference between the way that people listen when a Bishop Potter feels it his duty to give them advice or suggestion, and the way they act when a Parkhurst dishes up his "pungent" horrors to tempt a jaded public appetite. There are men and men in this world, and some go near to realizing the highest ideals of a great and noble manhood, and some get perilously close to the brute end of creation. But let us be thankful that in the long run the public—the puzzled, blundering, well-meaning, honest public—generally learns how to choose between them, and finds and follows the wiser guidance.

We will rely upon the intelligence of our own fellow-countrymen to reject the charge that a party comprising a majority of our people is planning the destruction or injury of American interests.

—GROVER CLEVELAND, *Letter of Acceptance*.



WANTED AN IDEA.

FLOORWALKER (*suavely*).—Well, sir; what can we show you to-day?

MR. WINTERWHEAT (*of Hush Centre*).—Well, sir; the old woman asked me to do some pricin' an' matchin' fur 'er; but I declar now, I ain't got no idee—

FLOORWALKER.—Ideas? Yes, sir. Here, boy; show this gentleman to the notion counter!

*The Workingman * * * still waits for a division of the advantages secured to his employer under cover of a generous solicitude for his wages.*—GROVER CLEVELAND, *Letter of Acceptance*.



THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION.

EXPLORER.—This is a historical moment! We have reached a spot where no civilized being has ever before penetrated! Let us rest in the shade of yonder rock.

RETRIBUTION.

After Swinburne.

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel
And lower the proud."

Ah! who can tell the joy I feel
To see him pass, the jest of all the crowd
That throng the asphalt pave?
His brow is dark with gloom;
For vain is his attempt to look all unconcerned,
Despite his feeble, sickly grins.
This man who, when an office interview we crave,
Keeps us for hours his pleasure waiting in an ante-room,
Mighty is he at morn. At eve a nurse-girl turned,
Wheeling a baby carriage and red-faced, squalling twins.

The Brooklyn Reporter.

A "HIGH OLD TIME" seems highest when the bill is presented.



THE PROD.

KIRBY STONE.—Do you write when the inspiration strikes you?
ALGERNON S. HARDUP.—No, when my landlord strikes me.

COULD AFFORD TO DO IT.

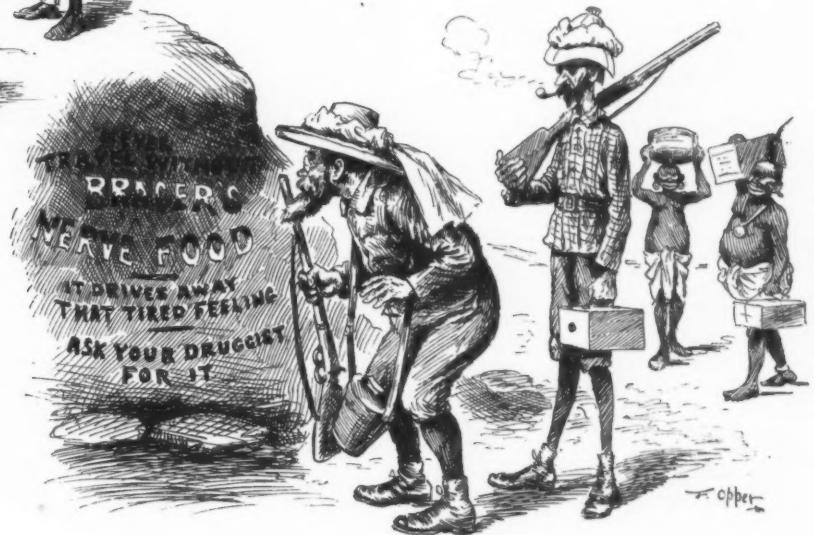
CUSTOMER.—I see that you are reducing prices. The last time I got this paregoric mixture it was seventy cents; but now I get it for sixty.

DRUGGIST.—Yes; our new clerk was discharged from the last store for making a mistake and killing a man, and we get him so cheap now that we have cut down our prices.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

Since Earth upon his shoulders Atlas took,
He's never seen what's done on top it.
Could he but crane his neck—just once—and look—
How quick he'd drop it!

C. M. T.



EXPLORER.—Sold again!

IT CAME TO PASS.

It was on the eve of his departure. On the morn he was to return to the city; they were to part, perhaps forever.

They had wandered down by the brook, and as they sat together on the old seat under the greenwood-tree, she was the first to break the stillness of the twilight hour.

"I can't bear to say 'good-by,'" she sighed. "Promise me you will come to my wedding."

"I promise you—on one condition," he replied, "that I will come, even from the ends of the earth."

"What is it?"

"Will you grant it before I ask it?"

"Yes."

"Let me come as the bridegroom!"

Ogden Ward.

PREPARED TO CONTEST.

BARCLAY WYCKOFF.—So your uncle was eighty-eight when he died; did he retain full possession of his faculties?

PELHAM PARKER.—I—er—really could n't say. The will has n't been read yet.

A PROMISING PUPIL.

DICKER.—So you are fitting your son for a Wall Street career; does he show any signs of adaptability?

TICKER.—Oh, yes! he plays a game of poker that is simply a bute.



"HIS NATURAL BENT."

A FIGURED SCREEN—The Defaulter's Well-cooked Account.

WOMAN DOES N'T indulge in fistic encounters, because she never could "get her gloves on" in time.

THE HEALTH BOARD—A Good Table.

IN THE race for wealth, no man seems to object to taking a short cut across his neighbor's feelings.



(Began in Puck, No. 806, August 17th, 1892.)

THE STORY OF THE CONSCIENTIOUS PLUMBER'S FOURTH UNCLE.

AFTER AS elaborate a meal as could well be furnished in such a forlorn locality as Pea Pack, the Conscientious Plumber sat in the library smoking a fragrant cigar, and sipping his *café noir* from a frail, Delft cup. As the aroma of the tobacco blended with that of the coffee, it gave the library the spicy character of a room in an Eastern palace.

When the Conscientious Plumber had finished his cigar, he held, by special request, a hank of worsted for Anita; for, although it was July, she was already making preparations for a campaign of home-constructed Christmas presents for poor relations.

The Conscientious Plumber did not look like the same man who had presented himself at the back door only a few days before, and stretched forth his bony hand, and lifted his weary voice in supplication for such trifling relief as might be found in plain tea-biscuit. He had not demanded that jam or even butter should be put upon it, or that it should be washed down by a generous cup of coffee. And now observe him, radiant with the rosy, purple glow that mantles the features of a robust man after an epicurean feast.

After he had held the yarn to the satisfaction of Anita, he played several arias, at her solicitation, upon her mandolin, which she also used as a piece of bric-à-brac. The trembling strains of the tune he was discoursing reached the Millionaire of Pea Pack, who was smoking on the piazza.

This reminded him pleasantly of the fact that the Conscientious Plumber had promised to tell him the story of his Fourth Uncle, who, he thought, must have been an interesting character, if he were anything like the other members of the family of which he had had the pleasure of hearing. When he entered the room and seated himself in the easy chair near the well-screened window, the Conscientious Plumber knew that the time had arrived for him to entertain the ever genial Millionaire of Pea Pack with a few interesting facts relative to his Fourth Uncle.

"My Fourth Uncle," began the Conscientious Plumber, was very much of a philosopher in some respects. His great and everlasting argument on the subject of the content that is supposed to come through wealth was that happiness could not be brought about by riches, for the simple reason that when a man had accumulated the amount set as the limit of his dreams, he would not be satisfied with that sum; and that even if he succeeded in amassing millions where he had originally dreamed of thousands, he would still sigh for more.

"Thus he contended that the relationship between happiness and riches was purely imaginary, and that they were entirely foreign to each other. Therefore, he would be happy without money. He claimed that he had known poor people who were perfectly contented, and poor people

who were discontented. And the same he could say with equal truth of many rich people he had met.

"This confirmed him in the belief that people were born to be happy and unhappy, and rich and poor; and that, therefore, the greatest delusion in the world was that no one could be rich without being happy, and no one could be happy without being rich. So far as he was concerned, he said he could get along nicely on the trifling income of ten dollars per week; and, as he was perfectly happy while working for a small salary, and with absolutely no private income, he concluded that if he had ten dollars per week without being obliged to labor at all, it would be impossible for any corporation to engage him at a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars per annum.

"Old, conservative business men would stroke their gray whiskers in astonishment to hear my uncle Abner declare himself in such a style, which was a line of argument entirely new to them. And when they would tell him that no true man could ever be satisfied, he would reply that if such were the case, of course they were doomed to disappointment at the end, and they might as well abandon the battle first as last, when ultimate defeat was a certainty.

"They would not relish one of these favorite retorts of Uncle Abner's, and would, of course, resort to the threadbare argument that he was envious of all rich men. Sometimes he would speak ironically, and tell them that he was really envious of them; and that he yearned to be a rich man, and to be so fully occupied with the affairs of business as not to be able to find time to improve his mind, or go a-fishing.

"He would compliment them upon their great financial resources, and assure them that, after all, the rich man is entitled to the respect and admiration of every person who is fully acquainted with the methods by which riches are usually secured.

"He would then tell them that he once proposed to a millionaire's daughter, and that when she accepted him and referred him to her father, he paid his respects to that haughty individual almost with fear and trepidation. And this fear and trepidation were based upon the fact that there were also three or four several other young men, much wealthier than was my Uncle Abner, who were paying serious attention to the young lady simultaneously. When my Uncle called upon the millionaire, he answered the usual questions politely, and then vouchsafed to ask:

"I understand, sir, that you are a millionaire?"

"Sir," said the old man, looking at my uncle over his gold-rimmed glasses, and suspecting him of mercenary motives; "sir," and could say no more, for he seemed paralyzed beyond the power of vocal expression at the young man's glaring audacity.

"I understand," repeated my Uncle Abner, totally unabashed, "that you are a millionaire, and I want to know if that is so?"

"And suppose I am, then what?"

"Then I want to know how you accumulated your wealth."

"And if I say in the manufacture of barrels, then what?"

"Then I will proceed to ask you to reveal to me the methods by which you operated."

"And why should you wish to know that?"

"Simply because I belong to a strictly honest family, and I do not wish to disgrace my name by marrying the daughter of a millionaire who may be the veriest scoundrel extant."

"I refuse to discuss this further," said the old man, boiling with rage.

"Then, sir," replied Uncle Abner politely, but firmly, "I can not marry your daughter. Your refusal to answer my questions in the same frank manner in which I have answered yours, leads me to believe that you are not as good as you look."

"Then Uncle Abner left the old millionaire staring vacantly into the candle fire, and drumming on the arms of his chair with his fingers.

"When Uncle Abner told this story, it caused the white-whiskered contingent to rise in its wrath and call him an ass; but this kind of argument did not in the least ruffle the serene spirit of my Fourth Uncle, who would smile and accept their manifestations

of rage as a compliment to the force and truth of his utterances; and while they were aching to make matters even with him, and at a loss to know how to proceed, he would —

"How did he ever succeed in catching so many rich men together?" interrupted the Millionaire of Pea Pack.

"I don't know," responded the Conscientious Plumber; "sometimes he would meet them on railroad trains, and sometimes at Summer resorts. I remember when we were sitting on the piazza of a big hotel at Lake Hopatcong, when one man, by his remarks, proved conclusively that he



was proud of the fact that the bass he had caught cost him nineteen dollars per pound. Uncle Abner congratulated him upon his indifference to the intrinsic value of money, and told him that if the fishing gave him pleasure it was a good investment; for, after all, money was worthy of no consideration except in the light of what it would purchase.

"At this juncture another man displeased Uncle Abner by saying that money was the only thing in the world. That he, the speaker, could sit down to a ten-dollar dinner, after which he could smoke a fifty-cent cigar, and then take a drive behind a ten-thousand-dollar span of horses; after which he could seat himself at a two-hundred-dollar desk, and draw a check for a quarter of a million; and that was happiness, he declared, and the only happiness this world could ever give."

"What did your Uncle Abner say?" asked the Millionaire of Pea Pack.

"He said," continued the Conscientious Plumber, "that the man who had just spoken was, in spirit and instinct, simply a self-confessed member of the porcine family. This, naturally, made the man of gold very indignant, because the bystanders laughed. Uncle Abner then became more calm and put the rich man under cross-examination, and soon discovered that he would give all he had in the world to be twenty-five years younger; and that he would gladly sacrifice twice the amount of his wealth, if he could gather such a sum, to be rid of a pulmonary trouble that compelled him to leave New York, the only spot on earth he cared for, both Winter and Summer. Then Uncle Abner talked him around and played with him until he admitted that he did not think money was such a great thing after all, because it was inferior to youth, health and everything else that it could not purchase, and which could, therefore, defy it. And they became great friends on the spot, and so remained all their lives."

"Uncle Abner had another argument which he used to sing like a poem, or the way the multiplication table is chanted in country schools. He made it a point to declaim this to the busy man who never seemed able to secure a sufficient sum to warrant his retirement. As soon as a business man antagonized him, which he could easily do by a simple allusion to the joys and comforts of mercantile life, Uncle Abner would ask him when he thought of retiring. He would reply, 'never.'

"Uncle Abner would then chant his reply, which had a horrible fascination about it, and which I regret exceedingly that I can not recall either in melody or words. But it was to the effect that the man who was worth ten thousand at twenty-five, would be worth twenty-five thousand at thirty, one hundred thousand at forty, a quarter of a million at fifty, and a million at sixty; still he would struggle madly on and fail ignominiously at sixty-three, and then secure, if possible, the position of book-keeper at six dollars per week, and translate his wife and daughters into

typewriters and washerwomen. This was always a crusher, and never failed to put the crown of victory upon Uncle Abner's head.

"Perhaps," continued the Conscientious Plumber, "I should refrain from a theme that must be unpleasant to a millionaire. In telling you of my Uncle Abner's peculiarities, I must reveal those facts which constituted the most interesting part of his life from the story-teller's point of view. These revelations are made strictly in accordance with the truth, and at your solicitation. Having received your bounty and very generous hospitality, I would prefer to show my heartfelt appreciation of your kindness, and to acknowledge the delicate obligations I am under."

"I am not in the least offended," replied the Millionaire of Pea Pack; "but I would like to know if you can tell me what became of the Millionaire's daughter, whom your Uncle Abner refused to marry because her father would not reveal the methods by which he had amassed his colossal fortune."

"Yes," broke in Anita, "what ever became of her?"

"She married one of Uncle Abner's rivals. They had a magnificent wedding, and the groom felt as happy as the bride looked, for he concluded that his working days were over, although he had not reached the age of thirty. But before the honeymoon was over, her father failed in the most inglorious manner, and lost everything he had in the world — money, house, horses and all. He was sold out by the sheriff, and being too old to accept a clerical position, the son-in-law had to take care of the whole family, which so mortified his proud spirit that he vowed if he should ever marry again, his mate would be naught else but a lone orphan."

"How about your Fifth Uncle?" asked the Millionaire of Pea Pack rather abruptly, after he had stopped laughing.

"I never had a Fifth Uncle," replied the Conscientious Plumber.

"Did you have any aunts?"

"Two; but they died in infancy and I can tell you no story relative to them. But I can tell you of a funny old woman, who once called at my father's house to sell us a sewing-machine which she said she could guarantee to be better than the one we were using."

"All right," replied the Millionaire of Pea Pack; "go ahead."

(To be continued.)

A CLOSE CALL FOR ROSENBAUM.



MR. CORNBIN (as he falls through Rosenbaum's rotten cellar door).—By Gum, ef I don't sue that feller fer damages fer this!



ROSENBAUM (having extricated Mr. Cornbin).—Sue me! Sue me! Oh, mein downtrotten race! Mein friend, ouf you don't pay me eleven dollars unt a halluf for dot damage vot you makes, I handt you oofer to dot poleeshmens, unt scharge you mit housebreakin' in.



A CRUSHING BEREAVEMENT.

SYMPATHETIC FRIEND.—Dear me, old fellow! I'm sorry to see you in mourning—I had n't heard—whom have you lost?
SUBURBAN RESIDENT.—Our cook—she left last week.

A TRIP POSTPONED.

"T'S COOKIN' HOT, ain't it?" she queried. "An' it ain't a-goin' to rain, either, though it looks some like rain, an' my corns is a-hintin' continuoal that we're goin' to hev a shower. What?"

As I had not attempted a remark, it rather startled me when she straightened up, pushed back her sun-bonnet, and fired the interrogation at me.

"It does look like rain," I assented, with the cordial sincerity of Polonius, when he agreed: "Very like a whale!"

She scrutinized me closely, as if doubtful of my proving a sympathetic confidant. Then she sighed profoundly.

"How does it happen you are still at home?" I ventured to question; "you told me a week ago you were to leave on Tuesday for a trip to Colorado."

"So I did," she acquiesced, mournfully; "an' I'd a been gone ef 't was n't fur a loss Pa had—a heavy money loss!" Again she breathed a dismal sigh.

Interested, I inquired: "How was that? I thought you told me you got a splendid price for your hogs at Kansas City."

The trip referred to had been the desire of her dreams, the reward of her penury, the hope of her dumbly-rebellious heart for many a year.

"We was n't expectin' but three-an'-a-half cents an' we got four—which counts on a carload. An' I can't say but what we was satisfied, an' felt we could afford the tower of pleasure which we had amalagated. But what happens the very next week do you think—just as I was denudin' a chickin' to fry for the journey?"

I did not know—and I said so.

She leaned her elephantine proportions over the fence, balancing a clumsily-clad foot on the lowest rail. Her shrewd eyes blinked rapidly, and she spoke in sepulchral tones as she explained the cruel occurrence which had caused the postponement of her trip.

"Hogs riz!"
"Ye-es!" There was more uncertainty than comprehension in the affirmative.

"That's all!" she declared, with some asperity. "Hogs riz. Sech a dilemmer we never had suspicioned. After we shipped, hogs riz to five cents. Ef we'd a waited we'd ha' made money like the Dobbs's did. Ez 't was, we lost. So we had to posterior our tower."

"But," I returned, puzzled, "you have made money. You were satisfied. Why are you not satisfied?"

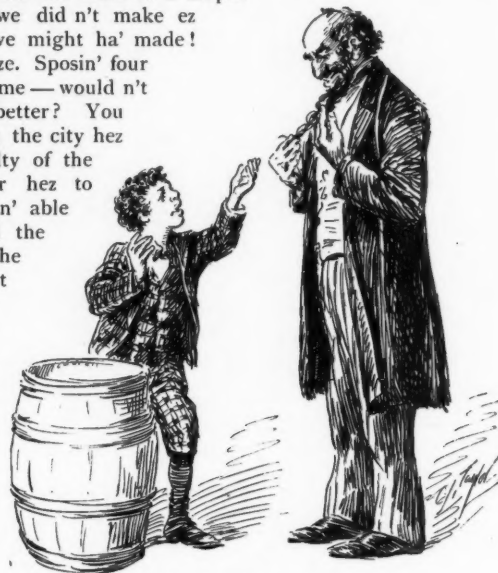
She looked at me keenly as if she fancied somewhere in my head there was a screw loose.

"We got to stay home," she said slowly, as if she were trying to pound conviction into the brain of a stupid child, "because we did n't make ez much money ez we might ha' made!"

We must economize. Sposin' four cents paid Pa an' me—would n't five ha' paid us better? You people ez lived in the city hez no comprehensibilty of the losses the farmer hez to stand fur not bein' able

to prevaricate ahead the contrariety—(Pa said the cusséd contrariety, but I repudiated him fur that, him bein' a deaking an' a passer of Plate 1)—of the markets which is bein' controlled by the corpulent of the country. Well, I got to go an' knock off them pesky potato bugs. Half-pas' seven! Most bed-time, anyhow!"

Kate M. Cleary.



A GENEROUS FATHER.

IKENSTEIN (to his little son).—Ikey, get der hatchet und chop oop dot parrel into kintlin' vood.

IKEY.—Oh, gif it to me, Fadder!

"Vat you want mit it?"

"Vy, I yoost read mit der paper dat a gommom flour parrel would hold 678,000 silfer tollars, und I'm goin' to dry to fill dot parrel out you gif it to me."

"Dot's right, Ikey. Always be egonomical, und ven you gets dot parrel full I gif you a gouple more."

STRAWS SHOW.

HELEN.—Has it never struck you that Ethel is very strong-minded?

LENA.—I should say she was! Why, she always keeps her calendar torn off to the proper date.

SAD ENOUGH.

HARRY.—It is sad to be cut off in one's prime, is n't it?

JIMMY.—It is, indeed; but what particular case do you allude to?

HARRY.—My own. The old gent has made a new will, and I'm not in it.



FILLED OUT.

FELICIA JOY.—Don't you think I look plump in this gown?

MINA ANNE PUSSLEV.—Yes, indeed! Where did you get it made, at an upholsterer's?

AN IMPLIED SLIGHT.

MR. GOLDEN GATES.—I never knew till to-day that Mr. Jackson Parks is a Jew.

MR. CHARLES RIVERS.—He is n't. What makes you think he is?

MR. GOLDEN GATES.—We had dinner together, and he got very angry when I asked him if he would like some roast pork.

MR. CHARLES RIVERS.—That was not because he is a Jew. It is because he is a Chicagoan.

IF THE Czar of Russia were to move, we will wager dollars to tallow doughnuts that his furniture would look shabby as soon as it got into the express-wagon.

PROUD PROVINCIAL exchanges claim to have seen a horse-fly, but we have observed that an expert foot-ball player can make a very fair canvas-back duck.



A SURE SIGN.

SHIPPEN CLARKE.—A woman occupied this room before we came.

BILL DATUR.—How do you know?

SHIPPEN CLARKE.—Don't you see how the carpet is worn in front of the bureau?

SOME LEADING RECIPROTECTIONISTS.

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE is, of course, the foremost leader to-day, as he has been ever since he wrote the famous Mulligan letters. That wonderful series of correspondence stamped him as a Republican statesman of the most approved type. His late feat of getting out of office is a most conspicuous sign of the times, which tells us whither the Administration and its supporters are drifting.

HON. BENJAMIN HARRISON has been President for about three years and a half, and has made quite a record. He has devoted himself almost wholly to the care of offices, leaving the care of office to his private



BLACK ON BLACK.

SALESWOMAN.—Yes; they are our best black stockings.

MISS EBONY COLE (*anxiously*).—Are yo' sure de black won't come off on de laigs?

secretary. Very few Democratic office-holders have managed to keep quiet enough to escape the President's notice to leave.

HON. WHITELAW REID has occupied considerable space in the public eye and the *New York Tribune* for many years. He is now candidate for Vice-President. Mr. Harrison heads the ticket and Mr. Reid foots the bills. The *Tribune* will probably give Mr. Reid the same sympathetic support that it accorded its original editor, Horace Greeley, in 1872.

HON. WILLIAM MCKINLEY, JR., was once a Congressman, but is now Governor of Ohio. He tried hard to remain in Congress, but the people seemed to prefer to have him in a position where he could n't bury them in taxes.

HON. JOHN WANAMAKER is a leader in congregational singing and Sunday-school services, as well as a political leader. Little children drop their cents into his heathen fund with the sweetest confidence that he will not get them mixed with the corruption fund of the Pennsylvania booblers.

S. Mart Halleck.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

If I were a worm and had to turn,
As worms will do, I hear,
It seems to me that I'd turn and flee
Ere the early bird came near.



A MAGNIFICENT BLUFF.

CONDUCTOR (*Alabama Short Line*).—Tickets?

WEARY WATKINS.—I give you my ticket some forty mile back. I guess you don't reckonize me. I've growed these whiskers since then.

A HAZARDOUS UNTERTAKING.

"Good-by; I am going away to get material for a book I'm going to write."

"What's your book to be about?"

"I shall call it 'Travels among Wild Men, Barbarians and Savages.'"

"Then you are going to Africa?"

"No; I am going to spend a week at Bayshore and Islip."

THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

"John, is the cistern full?"

"It rained all night, and it's running over."

"Then write on all the bills-of-fare 'nothing but distilled water used in this hotel.'"

"THE QUESTIONABLE
BLACK CROOK."

THE WISE VIRGINS of the Bible story kept their lamps filled and burning; the Wise Virgins of this generation keep the gas turned down, and they get into the wedding feast quite as early.

THE ORIGINAL "vault of heaven" was made when the cow jumped over the moon.



THE GREAT REPUBLICAN SUPREMACY

There is no doubt about President Harrison



A. Ottumwa Lith. Co. Puck Building N.Y.

EAT REPUBLICAN BLUFF.

President Harrison's respectability, but the party!! — Oh, Lord!!!



"A RINGING SPEECH."

THE HONORABLE FERNANDO FLAM, at his front drawing-room window. Within, various MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY, invited FRIENDS, uninvited ENEMIES, two or three inharmonious DEPUTATIONS and a great deal of confusion. Without, the FLAM PHALANX, the FLAM ZOUAVES, the SEVENTY-SIXTH DISTRICT LEGION OF UNITED BOOMERS (more or less sober), several score UNUNIFORMED ADHERENTS (more or less drunk), several hundred SCOFFING SPECTATORS, four BRASS BANDS, two DRUM CORPS, one SIX-POUNDER CANNON, ASSORTED FIREWORKS and general pandemonium.

THE HON. FERNANDO.—Fellow citizens—

A VOICE.—Th' 'alf of us ain't natuorlized yit!

THE HON. FERNANDO.—ladies—

ANOTHER VOICE.—There ain't none here!

THE HON. FERNANDO.—and gentlemen:

STILL ANOTHER VOICE.—Nor none o' them, either!

THE HON. FERNANDO.—In the present critical conjunction of circumstances it behooves—

MRS. FLAM (*behind*).—Oh, gracious goodness, Fernando! One of your campaign companies is stacking torches in the very middle of my flower-beds!

THE HON. FERNANDO (*aside*).—Thank the stars if they are stacking them, no matter where. They can't burn the house down, then. (*Aloud*).—it behooves, I say, every true lover of his country to—

MISS FLAM (*behind*).—Now they're dragging that horrid cannon directly across my poor rose-garden!

THE HON. FERNANDO.—to set his face like flint against the encroachments of—

PATRICK (*behind*).—Plaze, sorr, did yez give thim fellers wid th' tin jackets lave to make poonch in th' lawn fountain? They're a-stirrin' av it oop wid th' young leddies' tennis rackets!

THE HON. FERNANDO (*aside*).—Knock the connection off the fountain, so that they can't stop the water—it'll keep the punch weak. (*Aloud*).—the encroachments of a moneyed oligarchy seeking its own selfish aggrandizement at the expense of the tears and sweat—

MISS FLORA FLAM (*horried*).—Oh, Papa! say "perspiration."

THE HON. FERNANDO.—tears and perspiration of millions and millions of hard-handed, hard-working—

UNINVITED ENEMY (*in stage whisper*).—Hard-drinking!

THE HON. FERNANDO (*unsuspiciously*).—hard-drinking— (*hastily*)—no, no—hard-thinking sons of toil! (*Aside*).—Confound you, Blodgett!

THE CAPTAIN OF THE FLAM PHALANX.—Give 'im a cheer, fellers! One, two, three!

THE PHALANX (*mechanically*).—F.! Hurrah! L.! Hurrah! A.! Hurrah! M.! Hurrah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, ti-ga-r-r-r!

BRASS BAND NUMBER ONE (*key of G*).—Tootle-tum!

BRASS BAND NUMBER TWO (*key of F sharp*).—Teetle-tootle tum!

SOME OF THE FIREWORKS.—Ps-e-e-e-t! Shoosh! Snap!

THE SIX-POUNDER CANNON.—Bang!

THE HON. FERNANDO (*considerably shaken up by this last*).—Uh! Yah! (*Recovering*). I thank you, fellow citizens, from the bottom of my—

SECOND UNINVITED ENEMY (*sotto voce*).—Boots!

THE HON. FERNANDO.—heart for this grand outburst of approval. (*Aside to PATRICK*). Go and play the hose right down the muzzle of that infernal cannon. (*Aloud*). I go into this fight with a full conviction—

THIRD UNINVITED ENEMY (*apart*).—And you'll come out of it with an empty pocket.

THE HON. FERNANDO.—conviction of success. How can I feel otherwise when I see myself supported by so many disinterested—

SPOKESMAN OF DEPUTATION (*within*).—If you don't send six kegs around to the club-room by ten o'clock, half of our men'll go over to Boodle.

THE HON. FERNANDO.—faithful—

SPOKESMAN OF OPPOSING DEPUTATION.—And if you do, all of ours will.

THE HON. FERNANDO.—intellectual—

THE MARSHAL OF THE SEVENTY-SIXTH DISTRICT LEGION.—Cheer, why don't yer? Now, then, all together!

THE LEGION (*stolidly*).—Sev'ty-Six, Sev'ty-Six, solid as bricks, bricks, bricks, hoo, ha, hoo, ha, fizz, bang, boom!

THE HON. FERNANDO.—and intelligent—

THE ZOUAVES (*strophe and antistrophe*).—Who are you, you, you? I'm a Zou, Zou, Zou! And am! For Flam! Too, too, too!

THE PHALANX (*in emulous chant*).—F.! Hurrah! L.! Hurrah!

THE HON. FERNANDO.—citizens of these great and glorious United States of America!

ALL HANDS.—Hi, hi, hi!

SOME MORE FIREWORKS.—Schroosht! Biff! Smack!

THE TWO DRUM CORPS.—Rattlety, rattlety, bungty, rattlety!

THE FOUR BRASS BANDS (*each on its own hook*).—My country, 't is of—the dawn's early light, what so proudly we hailed at—the old bugle boys, we'll have another—ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay! ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!

THE WOMEN (*within*).—Papa! Fernando! Mr. Flam! We positively can't endure this any longer!

PATRICK (*same*).—Sor, thim cannon min swear they'll murder me for floodin' out their ordinnyance; an' th' b'ys in th' sky-blue jumpers 'v' jist inquired fur th' kay o' th' woine-suller; 'n' that lasht flaight o' rockets lit in th' chany-closet, barrin' wan that shmashed yer own gypsum bust in th' hall; an' wan o' th' naybors has sint fur th' foiremin an' another fur th' perlice, sor!

THE HON. FERNANDO (*aside*).—All right! I'll get them away. (*Aloud*). Fellow citizens, I will detain you no longer. At our headquarters over Googenheimer's—hum, ha—family supply store—you will discover an abundant stock of—eh—campaign literature—which I hope you will not find too dry! (*Crowd disperses amid the wildest enthusiasm*.)

THE HON. FERNANDO (*going in*).—Bring me my check-book, Patrick; and—and—burn some pastilles!

Manley H. Pike.

OUR PERNICKETY PHILOSOPHER.

THE REASON so many horse-races are crooked is because the human race is n't straight.

THE MAN who puts his heart in his work often has very little of it left to bring home to his family.

PEOPLE WHO cling to the Anchor of Hope often have to go down into the mud with it.

MAN IS ninety per cent. water; and, like water, he finds it easier to go down hill than to climb.

A STOIC IS a man who has so keen an appreciation of the intensity of sensations that he is ashamed to acknowledge his own real feelings.

GENIUS IS only another form of insanity. The genius is the only man who will put in hours of earnest labor when he does n't know whether his wages are to be \$.00 or \$100.

DEAR FRIENDS, be not unhappy. If you can't get what you want in this world, be assured that there is a plentitude of things that you don't want waiting for you. There is always enough in the world, but most of it is a misfit.

ALL MEN are born equal; but equality is the first thing they grow out of.

THE STREET GAMIN is never contented with any other place than the head of the procession; but in manhood he usually drops behind it.

MAN HAS to begin at the foot of the ladder; and if he does n't look out he often takes a tumble into the sub-basement; where there is neither sweetness nor light.

G. E. Hanson.

CHILDHOOD'S JOYS.

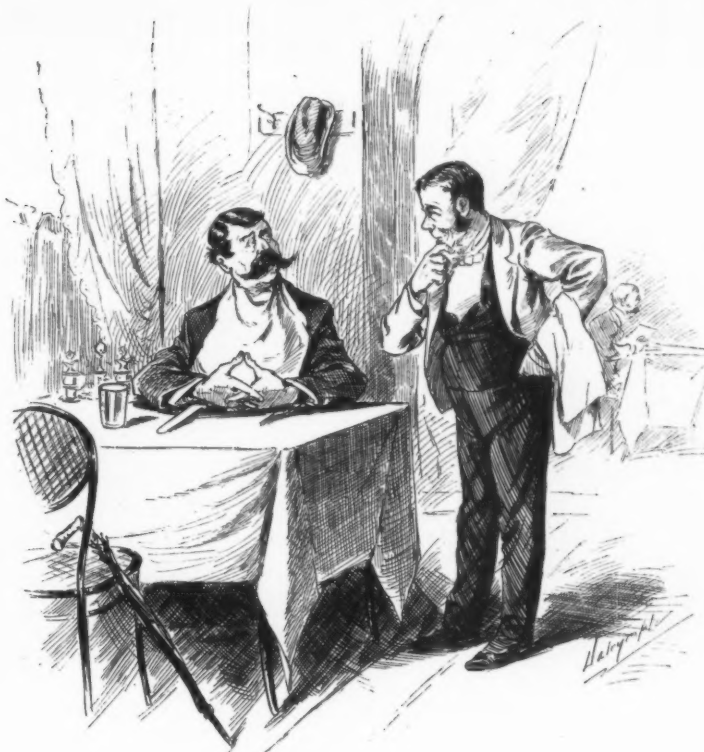
Back to our childhood's halcyon time
 Regretful memory strays;
 Though spanked for many a trivial crime,
 They were our palmy days.

Ludlow.



A PROBLEM.

MR. BALLYHOO (*in his first open-back shirt*).—I hov it on, and I hov it buttoned; an' now will yez be tellin' me how to tur-r-rn it round?



A BREAKFAST ORDER.

CUSTOMER. — You may bring me a piece of pie and a bottle of beer.

WAITER. — Yes, sir — er — I — I suppose most of the World's Fair buildings are up by this time, ain't they?

MAKING IT EASY FOR HIM.

MRS. BEACON. — Philips, dear, your sister does n't like you to ask Mr. Penult so many questions when he calls.

PHILIPS.—Oh, I don't bother him any; I don't ask him any hard ones.

A TERRIBLE LOSS.

MRS. HASHCROFT.—You must regret losing Mr. Gildersleeve. You had him so many years.

MRS. SMALL.—Yes, indeed. He was the only boarder I had who really liked stewed prunes.

IN PERSPECTIVE.



A WARNING.

DICK DIAMOND.—I am going down with a stag-party to see the last of the Narragansett season.

MISS PEARLY.—Don't forget the fate of the original stag-party — Actæon and his friends following Diana to the bath !

TOO GOOD.

ROWNE DE BOUT.—Did you have a good time at the seaside?

JOHN POPPER.—Good? I should say so! I was at Ocean Grove.

SUMMER IN THE SOUTH.

• “Been south, I understand?”

"Yes; I was down there nearly all Summer."

"Great country. Very hospitable people."

"Yes, indeed. Butter flows like water there in the Summer."

THIS is the season when a man gets out his last season's stove-pipe hat and finds that it is up the flue, so far as this season is concerned.

THE HARP that once through Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay's halls
The soul of music shed,
Must soon hang silent on the walls
Or we will all be dead.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists
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The Oldest and Best of All STOMACH BITTERS, and as fine a cordial as ever made. To be had in Quarts and Pints.
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Samples and self-measurement guide sent on application free of charge.

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152 & 154 Bowery, cor. Broome St.

MATCHES are made in heaven, but love is made right out on the Summer-Hotel piazza every night.—*Yonkers Statesman.*



I asked my sweetheart, "do you want Some Caramels, dear Susie?"
But she replied, "No, none of that;
A copy buy of 'Zoo,' see?"

*Puck's Library No. 63.
Sweeter than Caramels, and cheaper—10 cts.

The wonderful part of the beauty of wood is brought to the surface by varnish; but varnish soon "goes off," unless it is good, and stickiness takes its place.

Good varnish preserves that beauty, and age enriches it.

Read the "People's Text-Book" (sent free).

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A HYPOCRITE always stretches himself up a little taller every time he sees a good man backslide.—*Ram's Horn.*

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ST. LOUIS has the distinction of having had a boy baby recently christened Wilderness. It is safe to conclude that it is a howling one.—*Exchange.*



Patented,
January 30, 1892.

Unique Patent Combination Bill Fold and Coin Purse.

Separate places for coin, bills and car tickets, independent of each other; Flexibility; Lightness; No metal parts to get out of order, or wear the pocket. Ask your dealer for it or I will send sample at following prices:

No.	Material	Price
No. 11	holds \$4.00 in silver, 10 notes & car tickets.	\$0.75
" 16 "	" " " " " "	\$1.50
" 18 "	" " " " " "	\$2.00
" 19 "	" " " " " "	\$2.25
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Patented,
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S. W. KENT, MERIDEN, CONN.

THERE are too many people in the church who want to be the nickel plating on the machinery.—*Ram's Horn.*

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You can not always tell the amount of gas in a poem by its meter.—*Texas Siftings.*



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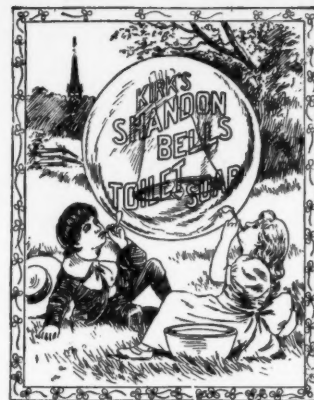
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A BEE in a desert would do its best to find flowers from which to make honey.—*Ram's Horn.*



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illustrated by C. J. Taylor, has reached its second
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The one tobacco that has held its
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as ever and it is the tobacco for you.
If you smoke, you should smoke

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**BLACKWELL'S DURHAM
TOBACCO CO.,**
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Against Time
Fears Nothing
Unchanging
Talk's Cheap

PHILLIPS'
DIGESTIBLE Cocoa

Unequaled for Delicacy of Flavor and
Nutritious Properties. Easily Digested.
Different from all other Cocos.

THERE is n't a
man in the world who
is not serving some
kind of a master.—
Ram's Horn.

IT wasn't so very
long ago that nature
turned over a new leaf,
and now she is be-
ginning to paint the
country red.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

"I TOLD Soaper yesterday that the
club he belonged to was a set of stupid
fools, and to-day they have gone and
elected me an honorary member."—
Commercial Bulletin.

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Is practiced by people who buy inferior articles
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Infants are entitled to the best food obtainable.
It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand
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—*Boston Courier.*

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\$3 SHOE FOR
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A genuine sewed shoe that will not rip; fine calf,
seamless, smooth inside, flexible, more comfortable, stylish
and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price.
Equals custom-made shoes costing from \$4 to \$5.

The only \$3.00 shoe made with two complete
soles, securely sewed at the outside edge (as shown in cut),
which gives double the wear of cheap welt shoes sold at the
same price, for such easily rip, having only one sole sewed
to a narrow strip of leather on the edge, and when once
worn through are worthless.

The two soles of the W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 shoe
when worn through can be repaired as many times as
necessary, as they will never rip or loosen from the upper.

Purchasers of footwear desiring to economize,
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of these shoes, and not be influenced
to buy cheap welt shoes sold at \$3.00,
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SHE.—Oh, you were, eh? Well, let me tell you this. If Mr. Barney's statements are not any more reliable than the one you have just made, there will be some tall kicking among his customers.—*Boston Courier.*

LEFT OUT.

"The man that made my toy horse fordot somepin, Mama," said Tommy.

"What was that, dear?"

"He fordot to put some go in his legs."—*Harper's Bazar.*

LIKE SHEEP.

He said if she would give him a kiss he would not ask for another.

"But, dear," she said roguishly, "what if I wanted another?"

"Oh, that will be all right!" he assured her; "kisses are like sheep, when one leads the others follow."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM
THE PERFECTION
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A DELICIOUS
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FOR ALL FORMS OF
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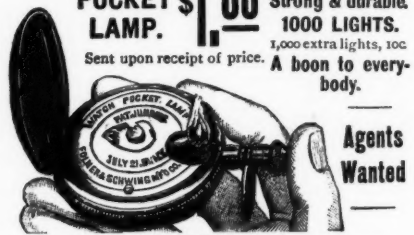
1-3 of an ounce of Pure Pepsin mailed on receipt of 25c.

CAUTION—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.

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Nickel-Plated
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The man who goes to a three-ringed circus does not need to go out for a drink.—*Yonker's Statesman.*

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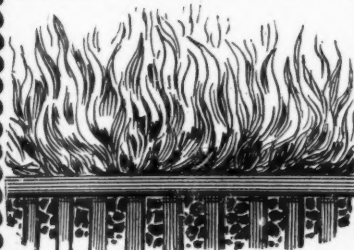
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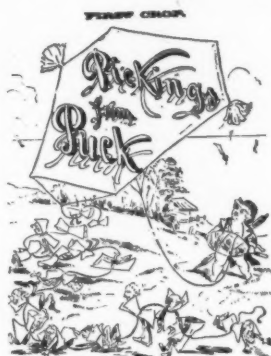
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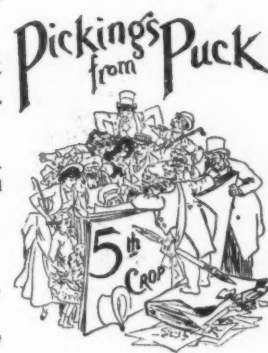
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Breasted.

Send for samples and self-measure rules.



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The Tailor

145 & 147
Bowery,
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"I would say to you, fellow citizens, that the apparent set-back that the Republican party has recently suffered, is all owing to the fact that a large number of our voters are suffering from hay-fever. But they will be all right on election day."



"Fellow Republicans, I admit that the recent elections have not been encouraging for the party; but, Great Scott, how can you expect Republicans to vote when they are all busy making cider and putting up preserves? But let the enemy beware next November!"



"My noble fellow patriots, they say that the Republican party is getting left everywhere, and that our voters are losing their enthusiasm; but I tell you that it is all owing to over-confidence — over-confidence is breaking the Republican party all up. Let us get rid of this dreadful feeling of over-confidence, and we'll sweep the country on election day!"



"It is a simple matter, my friends to account for the somewhat discouraging condition of the Republican party at present — the bicycle craze is responsible for it — our voters are all learning to ride bicycles. But they will be on hand in November."



"We are told that the McKinley bill is a failure — that it does not increase wages. But it has n't had time enough — wait a while, and when you get tired of waiting, wait some more. And be sure and vote the Republican ticket on election day."



"Fellow citizens, the Republican losses in Maine and Vermont are easily explained. The extreme sensitiveness of the Republican voters kept them from trying the Australian ballot system. But just wait till November!"



The rather gloomy prospects of the Republican party mean nothing — nothing at all. As our intelligent readers are doubtless aware, they are caused by the recent proximity of Mars, and the change in the temperature of the Gulf Stream. Let the enemy tremble on election day.
Republican Daily Moss-Back.



In order to ascertain the cause of the recent Republican losses in New England, we have sent a reporter to investigate, with the result of proving, beyond a doubt, that on election day 9,216 Republicans were laid up with bad toothaches and over 7,109 others were in bed with quinsy sore throat. But November is coming.
Republican Squirmer.



The Democratic tenderloots are giving it out that the Republican party is scared. We are authorized to say that the Republican voters stayed at home in Maine and Vermont by previous arrangement, to turn the enemy off their guard and get them rattled. But in November the Republicans will sweep over the range with irresistible fury, and stampede the Democratic steers like chaff before the wind.—*Red Gulch Republican.*



The silly cry that the Republican party is all broke up is easily answered. Our brainless opponents do not seem to know that the Republican voters are all busy just now, laying in coal and getting measured for their winter clothing. But look out for them when election day comes.—*Republican Weasel.*



The attempt of the Democratic papers to prove that the Republican party is losing its grip, will not work. As every one ought to know, the Republican voters are merely holding themselves back for a grand effort in November. When it comes to holding themselves back, the Republican voters beat the world.—*Daily Republican Eel.*



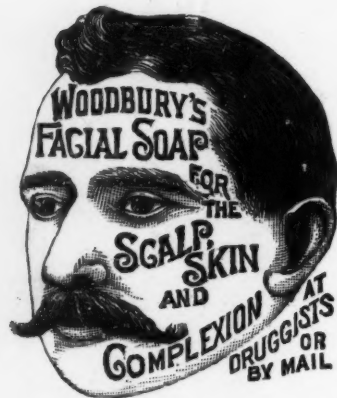
The coarse, rude Democratic press is jubilant over the elections in Maine and Vermont. Let our vulgar opponents enjoy their short-lived triumph. The heavy rain which kept refined Republican voters from the polls, through fear of getting their trousers wet, will be over by next election day, and Republican culture and refinement will again triumph.—*Republican Daily Swallow Tail.*

Puck's COLUMBUS DAY Number



John H. Woodbury, Dermatologist, 125 West 42d Street, New York City, Specialist on skin, scalp, nervous and blood diseases, also facial disfigurements, like birthmarks, moles, warts, India ink and powder marks, superfluous hair, pimples, redness of the nose, scars, pock marks, also facial development. Consultation free at office or by letter. Inventor of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

John H. Woodbury for 20 years has had practical experience in treating the above diseases. It counts with an intelligent public, because it is known that during that time he has made more valuable discoveries than any other Dermatologist, living or dead.



One of the results of the above experience is Woodbury's Facial Soap, and it can readily be seen that his vast experience enables him to produce a soap far superior to anything else of the kind ever invented, as no soap manufacturer has ever had any experience as a Dermatologist. One important ingredient in this soap is an antiseptic, which kills the germs of disease, and it is impossible to contract a skin disease in a

Barber's shop or elsewhere if this soap is used. This alone would make it a most valuable article, and in connection with the other medicinal qualities of high merit which it contains make it a very important adjunct to the toilet table and shaving cup. These are facts — use and prove.

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MAGIC LANTERNS AND VIEWS

THE green apple season is about over, so the small boy will have to be bent on something else. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

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A MAN'S idea of practising economy is to preach it three times a day to his wife. — *Atchison Globe.*

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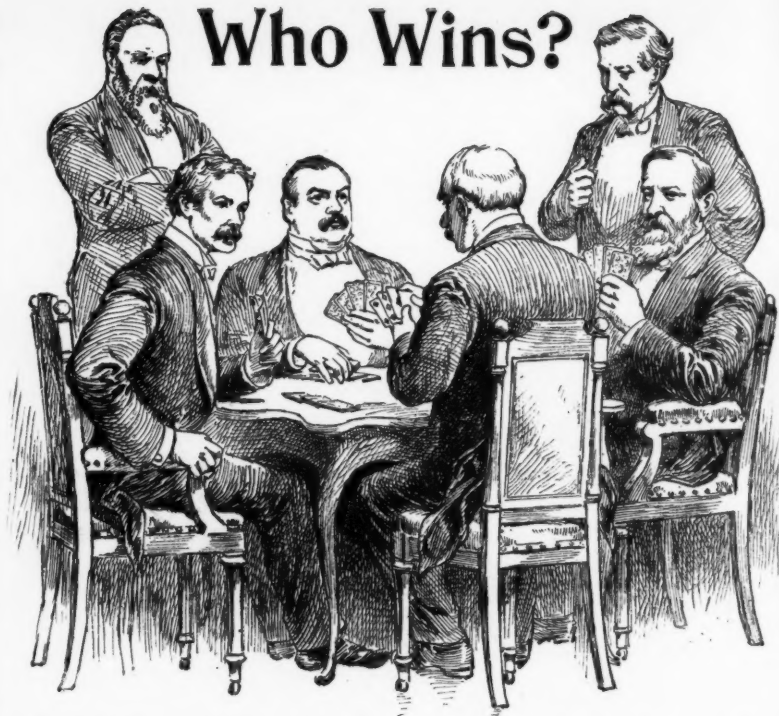


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